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NO. 4.

## ROMANCE WRITING.

Greece was the source of almost every variety of literature that has been in vogue in the past or is pursued at the present day. It does, then, seem very surprising that a nation of such wit, fancy and genius never hit upon a species of composition that now-a-days occupies so prominent a place in literature—novel-writing. The Greeks, in their legends and mythology, their climate and country, and the character of the people themselves, had all the essentials to successful romance-writing. Indeed, the so-called historians of Miletus that preceded Herodotus were not historians in the usual sense of the term. They were what we might call "Romancers," inasmuch as their themes did not greatly differ from those of the Romancers proper of a later day. They completely ignored the age in which they lived: it was too common-place, too prosaic to be worthy of their attention. The glorious past filled their minds; the ages of the demigods and the heroes who fought and conquered monsters brute and human, were their themes; they told of the Argonauts and

... "virum capte post tempora Trojae,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

These great themes were in time worn thread-bare, and there at last appears one who deigns to notice the men and manners of his day. He is but a story-teller, yet differing from his predecessors in telling the truth, or what he regarded as the truth, as it came under his own observation, while their works were of a legendary and

not very trustworthy character, and, I imagine, more intended to please than instruct. Herodotus, however, was only the culmination of a series of writers who, as they wrote of things nearer and nearer their own day, infused more of fact and probability in their works. Now narration may be either of fact or of fiction. The narration of fact is history, and it was this better part that the Greeks chose, or rather happened upon. The Romancers of another age had no choice but the narration of fiction—the other alternative being already occupied—and thus grew up the modern novel.

The Romans were far too much occupied with the affairs of daily life to give such freedom to the fancy as romance writing requires. All their literature was borrowed from the wonderful race across the Hadriatic, and with one exception they were content to follow the lead of the Greeks. Not till the Roman power had dwindled away, and the North had overthrown the then existing civilization, and chaos ruled in Europe, did the field of the story-tellers again widen—when heroes, counterparts of those of Greece, again made their appearance in the world, and ignorance and superstition re-peopled the earth with spirits other than human.

The Arabian peninsula was and is teeming with materials for the story-teller. The wild Arabs were thoroughly imbued with a belief in spirits—by no means angelic—that wandered over the earth "seeking whom they might devour." With the assistance of these genii most wonderful adventures were fabricated by the

Arabian writers. When the Mohammedans had risen to power and their Caliphs had adopted the splendor of the Persian Kings in the great city of Bagdad, a noble field for romance was developed. Who has not read that delightful work, "The Arabian Nights," with its tales of fairies and genii and the good Caliph Haroun? The very circumstances that gave birth to the thousand and one nights' entertainment are romantic in the extreme—the beautiful and courageous Sultanness Scheherazade overcoming, by her wonderful stories, the determination of the cruel Schahriar, and relieving from mortal anxiety the maidens of Bagdad, who had the misfortune of good looks. And what more gorgeous romance was ever written than the tale of Prince Habib, replete with enchanted caves glittering with gold and diamonds, magic weapons, the wondrous isles of the sea, the rocs, fairies, genii, sea-nymphs, dolphins, monsters secure in castles of steel and assuming all manner of terrible forms for the destruction of men; and lastly the inevitable fair lady in distress.

The Saracens were the unwilling originators of romance writing among other nations, and gave a far greater impulse to that art by their centuries of warfare with Christendom than by any literary productions of their own. At the beginning of the eighth century of our era they crossed from Africa into Spain, and soon subdued the whole country, except a few mountainous districts in the north, to which the unfortunate Visigoths were forced. In these regions, however, grew up a hardy race, determined to win back their land from the Moslem. The wars by which this was accomplished are full of romantic episodes, and the tales of the Spanish troubadours are the first faint dawning of the modern novel.

The failure of the Saracens to extend their conquests from Spain into the countries beyond the Pyrenees is notorious, and consequently they had little intercourse of either an hostile or friendly character with nations outside of Spain. Yet there was one event that, beyond any circumstance of the time, furnished the Romancers with material for their tales. The great Emperor Charles, like a doughty champion of the Church, waged war upon the infidel, carrying his arms

into Spain, and, we are told, slaughtering the Paynim in vast numbers, as a good, Christian knight should. But on retreating Francewards, his rear guard, commanded by the gallant Roland, was delayed by treachery in a defile of the Pyrenees, when the Moslems attacked and defeated them, slaying the good knight Roland. This was the famous battle of Roncevalles—a perfect mine of wealth to the Romancers. The whole reign of Charlemagne was a glorious field for the story-tellers to dig and delve in, and one that for two hundred years or more they assiduously cultivated, till the Crusades diverted their attention in another direction. But this famous battle was to these chroniclers the turning point or crisis, or culmination (what shall I call it) of the Emperor's career. It is not hard to divine the reason of this. The Saracens were to the people of Western Europe a very mysterious race that, emerging out of the dim Eastern lands, had spread over Syria, Palestine, Egypt and the North of Africa, and finally over Europe itself. They had extinguished the Christian religion wherever they had conquered; the holy Sepulchre was in their hands; and the religion of their prophet was established throughout the East. Their language, customs, dress and system of warfare were totally different from those of the Christians of Western Europe. By these latter the infidels were both hated and dreaded—hated for their overthrow of Christianity in the East; dreaded on account of their aggressive spirit, which, though crushed for the time being by Charles the Hammer, still excited apprehension throughout Christendom. When, therefore, the Emperor Charles reversed the order of things and bearded the lion in his den, the chroniclers of the time hailed the event with joy, and employed all their art to embellish so glorious an era of history. Turpin, an Archbishop of Rheims, (perhaps the remote ancestor of a somewhat famous personage in English history) compiled a history of Charlemagne and his twelve knights, and did for these cavaliers what the Monk Geoffrey of Monmouth did for King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The authority of this ecclesiastic was regarded with vast reverence by the romancers,

who used his work as a foundation for a great many wonderful tales. But of all the romancers pure and simple that deal of this period, the story of Amadis de Gaul is the most renowned. The author of this marvellous tale is supposed to have been one Vasco Lobeyra—a Portuguese. [It might be well to notice here that even at the present day the Portuguese are notorious liars.] Twenty-one volumes did this mighty work include, but it is doubted whether all are really Lobeyra's. This was one of the books that turned the foolish head of poor old Don Quixote, but which the priest and the barber, in overhauling that gentleman's book-case, deemed of such merit as to escape the wholesale destruction that had come upon its companions in leather.

The institution of knight orders, the laws by which the knights were bound to act honorably and as Christian men, to reverence the weaker sex, and to be loyal to their king, were admirably adapted to the production of heroes of romance. When the Crusades began these knights were eager to be off to the Holy Land, there to revel in the slaughter of the infidels who spurned the religion of Christ and held woman in contempt. The gallant Richard I. of England, a most excellent knight, though not conspicuous as a King, occupies a prominent place in one of the Crusades—that against the great Sultan Saladin. Scott, in the "Talisman," draws a delightful picture of this hero and his wonderful doings. However, the knight orders, very good institutions in their way, led to some foolish extravagance, and among other customs acquired by those cavaliers was that of knight-errantry. Some would-be hero chooses a lady-love (quite regardless of whether the choice is mutual) and sallies forth to wander about the country and fight everybody that dare question her beauty and reputation. These adventurers were so eager to fight that they would turn almost every word a man could say into a pretext for a quarrel. So delicate a sense of honor had these cavaliers that a phrase such as "I think you are mistaken" would be construed as equivalent to the modern "You're a liar," and would likely be followed with far worse results. They would even travel about the land in the company of

their mistresses, to gain every opportunity, I suppose, for slander and the coveted duel. Spenser alludes to this custom when he makes the Red Cross Knight travel with Una, and when

"At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin all armed to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
Sans fey; full large of limbe and every joint  
We he; and cared not for God or man a point.  
He had a fair companion of the way," etc.

One is rather puzzled to know what manner of ladies there were in those days that were pleased to permit their lovers to go off rambling about the country, fighting every person they met, and in all probability winding up their travels by getting run through and through by some more skillful opponents. And if one unhappily could persuade no man to call him a liar, or could secure the affection of no mistress, he would send off to some other hero a challenge such as this:

"You say your cap is red; I say it is blue; and will prove that the sword by your side is bad, and your dagger a wooden one."

It was in this custom, however, that the romancers revelled, and spun tales of such interminable length that no sane modern would ever think of wading through even some of the shorter specimens.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century Francis Rabelais introduced a species of novel that has been much in vogue in our own day. His work, "The History of Gargantua and Pantagruel," was intended, as an indiscriminating Scotch writer remarks, to satirize "priests, popes, fools and knaves of all kinds." This book showed that amusement was not the only end attainable by romance writing. This is well illustrated by a novel of the succeeding century—the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes. The remnants of knight-errantry still lingered, despite gunpowder; but when ridicule was applied it vanished at once, as should all institutions that have outlasted their day.

In Italy, Boccaccio, about the middle of the sixteenth century, introduced the short novel as opposed to the dreary romances of the Amadis de Gaul stamp. In Spain the picaresque or rogue style grew into favor. This was the delineation of the rascalities and tricks of the

lower orders for the amusement of the upper classes. Thus the novel went on changing in shape here and there corresponding to the hands into which it fell. In France, after the heroic romance of the style of Amadis de Gaul had died out, the pastoral romance came into favor. Dreary tales of love these must have been. Hallam tells us that one of D'Urfee's works contains 5,500 pages, and he is inclined to attribute its popularity to its admirable qualities as a saporic. The style of novel was the last to which we apply the name romance, that is, a story that portrays people in an exaggerated vein, and taking no note of real life. During the seventeenth century the pastoral romance was in vogue in France, but at the beginning of the next century we find a name in French literature famous for the introduction of the modern style of the novel. The author of "Gil Blas" is the Fielding of French novelism. France wanted some change in the style of her light literature, and that LeSage's productions were appreciated is attested by their immense popularity. An anecdote is told of two gentlemen coming to a book-stall at the same time in search of "The Devil on Two Sticks," one of LeSage's works, and finding only one copy, they were proceeding to adjust the matter with their swords when the bookseller interfered and compromised affairs. In reading "Gil Blas" I have noticed that the author has conceived all men to be rogues, and the only merit he has ascribed to his hero is a pre-eminence in lying and deception of all kinds—a pre-eminence learned in the sad school of experience.

England now comes to the fore with great novelists. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne are the names that adorn the middle and end of the eighteenth century. Their works are not much read now, chiefly on account of the impurity that prevails in them—not the fault of the men, but of the age. But no novelist, of England at least, has displayed greater genius than Fielding, though Scott has surpassed him in variety. His great work is the novel "Tom Jones," the hero of which is a strange mixture of bravery, weakness, simplicity, frankness, and of meanness in living on his friends.

Within the last seventy years the novel has passed through a number of stages, from Scott to Black. Between these are many great names, pre-eminently those of Thackeray and Dickens, each inimitable in his way. The style of novel in vogue at present hardly flatters the taste of the age—love stories with a spice of exaggeration thrown in. But judging from the present literary activity and vigor, one can scarcely doubt that some great writer will arise and found a new style of novel worthy of this age.

TIN TIN.

### THE WORLD'S CHEMICAL CONGRESS.

Somewhat more than a century ago the chemical elements determined to organize themselves into an association, the better to become thoroughly acquainted with each other as well as keep abreast of the times, especially in their own department. They could not but recognize and deplore the fact, they said, that seldom without the intervention of man could they be brought together, and when this was the case it was not always possible to preserve the most amicable relations. They determined, therefore, without further delay, to establish a new and better order of things, and for this purpose a general meeting of all the chemicals was immediately summoned. The assembly was to convene at the library of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.; and I, as representative of the Practical Chemistry Class, was cordially invited to be present.

A few minutes before the hour, what a curious spectacle I witnessed! Oxygen, a middle-aged, portly-looking gentleman, entered the room. He was walking at a pretty lively rate and looked as if on very good terms with himself and all the world. Hydrogen, a young gentleman, next stepped along very lightly. Nitrogen soon followed, quite alone and apparently wishing to monopolize attention. I am told this is his usual habit; he seems to have no associates who really care for him, as it is their belief there is nothing in the man. His qualities are not promising, although he has an interesting family of five who follow closely behind. A word about one or two

of these may not be out of place. The eldest is not of much account—like his father exactly. The second is, however, a lively chap and full of innocent fun. He is always laughing, and never happier than when he keeps others in a roar. The next two are not so well liked. (One of them, Hyponitric Acid, may be known by his ruddy color.) But the youngest is the best of all the boys. He is extremely useful and unflinching in the cause of right. There is not one of the richest or proudest of the metals—the very chemical elite in fact—with whom he will not come in contact if necessary, and will even attack the aristocratic Lord Gold himself, on which occasions, with a little help from his friendly neighbor Hydrochloric Acid, he has been known repeatedly to make his enemy disappear before you could say Jack Robinson.

And so they severally came along; it would weary you to tell all that was seen that day. Mrs. Carbon, an old lady with a large diamond ring on her finger, now hobbled up with the aid of a stick. Her two daughters accompanied her, Carbonic Oxide and Carbonic Acid, each in a blue dress of the latest fashion. In many respects these sisters resemble each other; they are both desperate flirts, and with their dancing steps dazzle many a poor man to destruction. The youngest, especially, has been the death of many by means of her treacherous arts.

The metals of whom mention has been made walked, I notice, pretty much by themselves, though they sometimes tried to edge closely to Mr. Oxygen, who, quieting each with his usual affability, seemed willing, if possible, to divide himself up among his friends.

But I must hurry on. The meeting, when some forty or fifty persons had arrived, was called to order. Oxygen, owing probably to his important standing in the community, was unanimously voted the chair. One crusty old fellow, Fluorine, seemed to disagree with this and did, it is true, move in amendment Hydrogen, which Squire Alcohol (or Spirits of Wine, Esq., as he preferred to be called,) seconded, but as he was partly in liquor this motion was not put. Thus were these two quietly overruled, the antipathy of each to Oxygen being notorious. Hydrofluoric

Acid was made Secretary—he could (sk)etch and write pretty well, making use of a wax tablet that he pulled from his pocket; he performed his work as neatly as you or I could probably have done on paper. Iron was Treasurer. This position of trust he received, being a very useful person, a tenacious friend, and one to be depended upon at all times. No show or boasting about old Iron! Yet how could any one do without him? It being thought advisable to appoint a policeman, Mr. Silver was proposed, but some one fearing that, like his confreres, he might be rarely seen when wanted, and he himself declining the office, Lead acted instead, it being known that he could come down pretty heavy at times, as also his ability to run well might be of service. On a general committee served Chlorine, Potassium, Zinc, Tin and a few others whose names I didn't hear.

The following constitution was then adopted, additions to be made by a two-third vote of members:—

1. This meeting shall be called the "World's Chemical Congress."
2. Its object shall be to benefit science and promote kindly feeling between ourselves.
3. A Convention shall be summoned, to take place once in a century (hereafter on the anniversary of the birth of our esteemed chairman), in the city that shall, during that time, do most to advance the cause of science.
4. Convention to meet alternately with closed doors. When the public accept our invitation to be present, they will be expected, individually or through delegations, to respond willingly and at once to any suggestions that we, as a body politic, may, for the good of the whole, propose.

(Here, I confess, I uttered a sound, for I could not help wondering what work in this direction might even now be assigned me.)

The chairman then rose and addressed the meeting. He thanked them for the honor done him, said that he was glad to see so many present, especially from among the younger members, as also some that lived, as many knew, at a great distance. He was quite aware it must have been difficult to so many to have put in appearance on so short notice, and the fact that they had done so argued well for the future interest they would take in the cause. He urged them all to proclaim boldly their (chemical) principles everywhere;

they were members of a great and glorious Brotherhood, though in its comparative infancy; one that had in fact often rent the globe—(here a whole host of young combustibles, led by the Sulphides and Chlorates, started involuntarily to their feet)—and one that, with their united force, or even that of one alone, could wholly destroy it—(here Nitro-glycerine, taking the compliment to himself, so loudly applauded and gave such signs of excitement, that he had to be publicly reprimanded by the policeman, who, knowing him to be a dangerous and notorious personage, threatened to lead him into "durance vile" if he couldn't keep quiet. This for a time made him subside). Mr. Hydrogen, the Government M. P., was then called upon to speak. He alluded to the friendly relations that subsisted between the chairman and himself. They never ("well, hardly ever") clashed, but had always united for the promotion of the public weal. (Hear!) Did a city require water for drinking purposes? It was they that had laid their heads together until the refreshing fluid flowed in abundance. Had artificial light been required? Again they had done what they could to assist. It was by his almost unaided efforts (he mentioned this modestly) that for years the aeronaut had been enabled to cleave the atmosphere, and he could adduce other instances to prove his use to the community were it necessary. In conclusion, he would earnestly beg each member present to make it a point of doing at least some one thing by which his fellows might be benefitted. During the cheering that followed the door suddenly opened, and Drs. Antimony and Arsenic entered. These gentlemen were well-known physicians, of great celebrity. They expressed their regrets at not being able to have been present at the hour named, as they had been detained by a bad poisoning case that had just happened in Paris, (at this their pale-faced assistant White, of Egg, looked whiter than usual, probably in recollection of the late sad accident, and even Litmus changed color.) Thereupon the Chairman suggested the propriety of a specimen sketch of testing for poisons being given, with diagrams, to which the surgeons kindly assented; and in a short time made the matter so plain that one or two young rascals present were heard to wish that some one

might be found to experiment upon. Quick-silver, on hearing this, testified his willingness to procure a fit and proper person, having had experience in the like before, and being nimble-footed, began at once to run. This was going too far, and the meeting was again called to order.

(To be Concluded.)

### SOME REMARKS ON HISTORY.

To all who are concerned in any degree in Nova Scotia's educational work, it should be a matter of interest to consider whether that work is being done efficiently or not. And all Nova Scotians should be interested in her intellectual progress. Consequently, any honest criticism on the subject should be taken in the spirit in which it is offered.

Among the many branches of study taught in our Common Schools, but few occupy a more prominent place than History. In face of this fact surely we should be privileged to enquire whether that study is conducing to any good or not. It is too late in the day to assert that the study of this subject is without profit. If we take that position we shall have against us the experience of ages. The method of study pursued may, however, be a legitimate subject for inquiry. There are those who assert that the Common School should not concern itself with this subject at all, or if it do, should merely give its pupils a start on a road which they can easily travel by themselves. History, say they, is but a subject for reading. And when the child has learned to read and has had the necessary books pointed out to him, what remains but to leave him to his own resources. Others again would treat history as a mere record of facts. Long lists of kings, dates without end, two or three stock anecdotes—these are the subjects upon which the child must spend his energies.

Both these methods seem to me to be defective. By means of the former it will be found that but few children will ever become acquainted with the subject; and by the latter all spirit of research will be crushed out. Should we not rather aim to develop a spirit of enquiry in the child, and how can this be done without a good

teacher. History is naturally an interesting subject for children, but it is not made more so by cramming down their throats hard, dry facts. The teaching of these is not, I fancy, the object of history.

Not only is much labor put upon the subject, and that generally in an ineffective way, but the right kind of history is not taught. It might naturally be supposed that the young Canadian would be instructed first in the history of his own land, and then, did time permit, be taught that of other countries. But this is the course which is not taken. The history of the British Isles having been learned, the youth undertakes that of Rome and Greece, and the probabilities are that he reaches manhood knowing very little about Canada.

Contrast the young Canadian with the young American in this respect. The latter has, so to speak, a personal acquaintance with George Washington and the men of his time. He learns the history of his own State, then of the Union. Taught to sneer at everything British, he exalts everything American. Perhaps it is to this training that is due the spirit of "brag," which animates the average Yankee. At any rate this system develops their patriotism.

What does the young Canadian know of the history of his land? While he can recite to you the deeds of Ethelbald or of some such old worthies, all his knowledge of Canada is not worth carrying about. He has a hazy idea that there were Indians in the land before the whites came from Europe. He has learned somewhere that the French colonized the greater portion of it; and he is sure Quebec was taken by Wolfe. (This last he has seen in his Reader.) That July 1st is Dominion Day he knows right well—for has he not a holiday on that occasion? Of the history of the country from its settlement to the overthrow of the French, and from that period down to his own time, the average Canadian youth knows nothing. How many college graduates are unfamiliar with our early history, and yet how glibly they can give you the dates of fabulous Roman events.

If you ask any school-teacher the cause of this lamentable ignorance, he will probably

answer that our history is not worth knowing, or that no suitable text-book can be found. Let us briefly consider these objections. There can be but one answer to the question, "Have we a history worth learning?" And that is emphatically, "Yes." If history be but a subject for training the memory, most certainly we shall find enough facts concerning Canada on which to exercise that faculty. But leaving that side of the question out, surely the contemplation of the growth of our own country is quite as profitable as the study of the history of foreign lands. British America furnishes just as interesting a field for study as any other nation can or should; and if we narrow our operations to Nova Scotia, where can you find a country so full of the "romance of history" as Acadie? The early settlement at Port Royal, the strife between England and France over the forts there and at Louisburg, the expulsion of the ill-fated Acadians, Joseph Howe and all that the name implies,—surely these should furnish topics for interesting and profitable study.

There may have been some force in the objection that we have no suitable text-book. But there should be none now. There has lately appeared a little work\* which, if rightly used, will do much to banish that ignorance of Canadian history which prevails to such a deplorable degree among our people. This little work, of some two hundred pages, is of necessity elementary. In an admirable way the author has sketched the main events of our history from the early discoveries to the year 1882. Nova Scotia has assigned to it a prominent place, as was quite proper, since the book was written for Nova Scotian schools.

It now only remains to be hoped that teachers throughout the Province may use the book judiciously. Let English history no longer have the place of honor in our schools, but let us subordinate it to the study of the history of our own Dominion. The results can easily be seen. We should have our children trained up to the idea that Canada is a country to be proud of; that we need not go beyond our own borders to find men worthy of our admiration, and whose examples we might strive to follow. In a word, the patriotism of our people would be fostered, and what that means to a young country every student of history well knows.

\* History of British America. For the use of Schools. By J. B. Calkin, M. A.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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## Christmas Number

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AND now we are in the midst of the festive season, when

"Each room with leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly."

As we grow older it seems to come round quicker, and we imagine we hear old St. Nicholas saying, like the clown in the circus, "Here we are again." Though Christmas has degenerated somewhat since the days of King Harry, when "lords of mis-rule" were appointed "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders," and though our sports are somewhat milder, we still take as much enjoyment. This is the time when the goose hangs high, and the gloomy cares of student life are cast aside, and even those who are in dread of the "Ides" of March must for the time being assume a cheerful face, and be prepared to grasp everything by the smooth handle.

To the student it comes like the Balm of Gilead way down on the Bingo farm, an oasis in the dreary desert of pestiferous unconivivality, and the angelic habitant of Pine Hill cherishes

the fond hope that he shall perchance be able to preach a funeral sermon o'er the remains of some rustic veteran overcome by the baleful influence of some onion-stuffed goose. Though we are sorry to say there are some among us for whom their note-books have more fascination than a suspended stocking, yet—plug on, plug on, for

"He who plugs on Christmas Day,  
At last will plug himself away"

into a hole in the ground. We hope, gentlemen, as the Profs. say, you may return invigorated in health and body, prepared for the work ahead of you.

During the past year many benefits and advantages have accrued to Dalhousie, notably a new Professor and an unusual number of the gentle sex, whose cheerful countenances set at a disadvantage the sober looks of us sterner beings, and make us wish that we were they and *vice versa*. This influx is no doubt due to the fact that the new Prof. is equal in point of popularity to the other Professors, and has a more fascinating subject. If a new Prof. would attract as many ladies as this one, we would wish that there be a new one every year. We might add the splendid working order of the gymnasium, but this will be mentioned elsewhere.

Departing year, farewell, bearing with you many happy recollections of hours spent in the dear old walls of Dalhousie.

To our Professors, patrons, fellow-students, janitor, and all interested in our welfare we sincerely wish all the joy and happiness that is wont to be enjoyed at this season of the year. Want of space prevents us giving expression to all the good wishes which we would otherwise extend, and we hope that our readers will not measure our feelings by the limited space allotted to this interesting subject.

THIS being our Christmas number, we have determined to give our readers an extra bill of fare. We hope it will not be unacceptable. Just here we might remark that on looking over the lists of our subscribers we notice that many whose names should be on are not there. The GAZETTE desires to increase its circulation. Shall it accomplish that object?

THE muscular element in Dalhousie has reason to rejoice in the kindness of Prof. Forrest, who has offered two medals to the gymnasium. These we understand will be awarded at the close of the present gymnastic course to the men standing first and second in general athletics. The palaestra of this classic institution will no doubt be a scene of unwonted activity for two months to come, as the medals are open to competition from all classes from the first to the fourth year; theolog's, non-theolog's, regulars and generals (or irregulars as they should be called) in fine all that pay their gymnasium fee. If the college work does not press too heavily upon intending contestants, we will probably see a very fair competition—very good we would not wish to say, owing to the limited time the gymnasium has been in existence, and the fact that study is a sad drawback to the cultivation of muscle. Our main desire is that the affair shall not be a "walk over," and that there shall be no

....."conditio dulcis sim pulvere palmae."

THIS is the last opportunity we shall have of reminding the students of the all-important annual event to be celebrated during the incoming month, of course we mean the sleigh-drive. Last year, although but a comparatively small proportion of our number assisted in celebrating our "George Munro" holiday in the way it should be celebrated, yet all who were there will bear us out when we say that a more pleasant relaxation than we had on that day could not be wished. The small attendance last year was owing to the day of action being fixed on too hastily, so that we hope all who will have no other warning will take this as an admonition to turn out in force this year.

WE understand that the Senate has sent circulars to the proprietors of students' boarding-houses and requires from them a certificate of character. Is not this action taken too late in the session to be of much good? While on this subject we respectfully offer a suggestion which, if acted upon, might be of advantage to future years. Under the present condition of

affairs students have nothing whereby they can be guided to boarding-houses but a few (frequently delusive) notices on the blackboard. With a list of these they trudge about the city looking for "a place." Suppose they secure one; they have no means of knowing anything as to its character. How much better would it be if the Principal had a list of suitable houses which could be shown to the students when they arrive. At McGill students are required to board in licensed houses. In reference to these the Corporation of the College has made this regulation:

"Persons applying for a license to keep a boarding-house shall produce satisfactory evidence to the Principal, as to their character and fitness, and the suitability of the house for the health and comfort of the students. They shall also supply him with a statement of charges."

If some such plan as the above were adopted, much valuable time would be saved to the students, and the Senate could have more control over them than it has at present.

IT is our duty at this season to again thank the authorities of the Intercolonial and Windsor and Annapolis Railways for the concession they have made to the students in the matter of excursion tickets.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

GENTLEMEN,—Your notice of Dr. Schurman's appointment as Professor of English Literature and Metaphysics, in Dalhousie College, is apt to convey the impression that a Professorship of Metaphysics had been instituted in connection with Dalhousie for the first time. This, as you are well aware, is not the case. Metaphysics was joined with Logic from the first, and has been taught on alternate days with that subject, sometimes on the same day, from the commencement of the College. It was at the instance of Dr. Schurman's personal solicitation that I gave up Metaphysics to him, that being, as I understand, his favorite subject, even in preference to English Literature. I was willing to make the sacrifice, highly as I valued the subject myself, in order that I might do more justice to the subject of Logic and Psychology than was possible with only three days of the week devoted

to these subjects. *Æsthetics*, which was also a part of my subject, will still come under the subject of Psychology, in connection with the Emotions.

I would not have troubled you with this communication had any notice been taken of the fact to which I have called your attention.

I am, gentleman,

Yours very truly,

W. LYALL.

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ENGLISH.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

The students and supporters of Dalhousie College should congratulate themselves on the fact that, by the munificence of George Munro and the appointment to the vacant chair of a Professor so thoroughly qualified for the position, so excellent an opportunity is afforded for the study of English Literature. In the course of study prescribed by our Provincial Colleges, an undue prominence is given to the study of Latin and Greek Classics and Mathematics to the comparative neglect of English Literature. As a result, we frequently meet with fully fledged B. A.'s and M. A.'s who, while they are apparently well versed in Latin and Greek Grammar and can repeat Mathematical formulas like so many parrots, yet have never learned the A. B. C. of a thorough course in English. Hence, we find that the proverbial graduate, with his long, high-sounding classical words, has become a subject of constant ridicule. This, however, is the natural result of the system of education that prevails in our High Schools and Colleges. A lad, from the time that he enters school to prepare for College until he graduates, is continually *crammed* with lectures on Latin and Greek, or on Scientific and abstract subjects in which classical derivatives are necessarily used, until, like a child lost among savages, he forgets his mother tongue. If our Colleges were instituted to educate Greeks and Romans, such a course might be deemed commendable, but under the present circumstances should not the first and highest aim be to educate Englishmen? I do not intend to enter into a discussion of the

relative importance of Classics and Mathematics to the average student, but this I will say, that, in my opinion, the mental development derived from the study of Anglo-Saxon and English equals that received from the study of the so-called Classics, and that the practical benefit quite exceeds that received from the study of Mathematics. Hence, I repeat that Dalhousie College should congratulate itself on being able to provide such an excellent English course for the Freshman Class, thus laying a thorough foundation for future usefulness. But right here a difficulty arises. Many Freshmen have, no doubt, read to their dismay that Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries are tenable only on condition that they shall "shew special proficiency in, at least, *two of the subjects* of examination at the end of the first year" and that "for the purpose of this condition *Mathematics* shall be reckoned as *two subjects*." Why, if we may be allowed to ask, do the Senate thus discriminate in favor of Mathematics? Some persons would say that they wished to make high-sounding requirements and then contrive a convenient loop-hole by calling Mathematics *two subjects*, but we scorn such an idea. Was it because they considered that Mathematics would require as much time and brains as Latin, Greek and English together? If the distinction was a fair one, this must have been the reason. But every Freshman knows that English Literature takes as much time as Mathematics, with Latin and Greek included. How then did the Senate make such an egregious error in judgment? I can fancy no other reason than that they made this regulation, before our new Professor was engaged, thinking that a Rhetoric Class would be conducted as last year. Under the present arrangement students, who have little taste for Mathematics, and who are anxious to take a thorough course in Literature, are ever haunted by the fact that they must pay undue attention to Mathematics, to the neglect of English, since "the almighty dollar" gives a preponderating influence to the former. Now, if the Senate made these regulations at a time when they were not aware of the arrangements about to be made in this particular, should they not remove every hindrance, by placing Litera-

ture on a par with Mathematics; so that Freshmen may avail themselves of the unsurpassed advantages that are thus afforded them, and by making a first or second class in Literature retain their Bursaries and Exhibitions.

Respectfully yours,

FRESHIE.

[MANY of us may differ from the writer on the importance of Mathematics and Classics as compared with English. The drift of his letter is that there is a discrimination in favor of Mathematics against Classics and English, and that the Senate consider that Mathematics requires as much time and brains as Latin, Greek and English together. No authority for these statements can be found in the Calendar. In sec. 4, paragraph 1, of the Calendar of '82-3, Classics is divided into two subjects. The comparatively few first and second class certificates of merit that are won each year are strong evidences of the absence of "loop-holes." We might add that in the majority of colleges, Classics and Mathematics are *the* subjects of their respective years, and are counted as equal to almost any two other subjects that may be set in those years. That this calculation is mathematically correct, so far as Dalhousie is concerned, many of our old students can testify.—Eds.]

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AN OXFORD CONVOCATION.

BEING in London in June, 1880, we decided to take a little excursion to Oxford, in order to be present at the Convocation, which was held during that month. Accordingly, we arose early on a certain morning, and, after a brisk walk, found ourselves at the Paddington Railway Station, at 6.45 a. m. In a few minutes we were on our way to old Oxford. We crossed the Thames some seven or eight times on the way. The scenery was fine, and we quite enjoyed our early morning drive. At 9 a. m. we set foot in Oxford. Through the kindness of an Edinburgh Professor, we obtained tickets of admission. These the Dean presented to us on our arrival. The closing ceremonies took place in the "Sheldonian Theatre." This is a large room, and is capable of accommodating a large number of spectators.

The two galleries and the auditorium proper were filled—were in fact *packed*. Undergraduates and ladies occupied the galleries. The Oxford Graduates and distinguished visitors occupied the area. The doors were opened at 11 a. m., and the students were not long in making the fact of their entrance known. This they did by voiciferous cheering. They soon discerned a man in the "area" with a red neck-tie, or what appeared to be such. The first request the owner of this neck-tie received was: "take off that red tie." This was followed after a short interval by: "take that red tie off or we'll make it too hot for you." They were as good as their word. They did make it so "hot" for the man that soon his face was as red as his neck-tie. After a time they "gave him a rest," but not before he had been for some time the "observed of all observers." They then commenced cheering for Beaconsfield and Gladstone. Cheers and hisses combined was the result in each case. A friend of mine once defined chaos to be "land and water mixed." The applause which the Premier and Ex-Premier received that day at Oxford might be defined in a similar manner as "cheers and hisses mixed." A student with a rather weak voice modestly asked those who occupied the area to "sit down." This request could not be complied with for various reasons, chief among which was the fact that there was hardly *standing* room, and the visitors and graduates did not care to sit on the floor. It was then proposed to give the well-meaning but weak-voiced student a few cheers. This was done *instanter*.

At 12 noon the Vice-Chancellor and Professors appeared. The applause, which was long and loud, having at last subsided, the Vice-Chancellor commenced his Latin address, but the students seemed to think they had had enough of Latin during the session, and before he had read a page they interrupted him, saying: "Most done, Sir?", "Try that word again," "Let up on that Latin," etc., etc. When the address was at an end, those on whom the degree of D. C. L. was to be conferred were presented to the Vice-Chancellor. These were addressed in Latin also, the last words of the formula in each case being *honoris causa*. The Vice-Chancellor repeated these

words the first time. Thereafter the students took the words out of his mouth, and with a mighty voice, as the voice of one, they uttered them with great gusto. When they had done this they proposed that "*Honoris Causa*" receive a degree. This was agreed to by the students; and those on the platform were compelled to possess their souls in peace until the students had duly capped "*Honoris Causa*." Those who received degrees were the following: Sir Alex. Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University; Prof. Sylvester, of John Hopkins University, Baltimore; The Right Honourable Lord Aberdare, The Right Honourable Henry Fawcett; Sir Astley Cooper Key; Prof. Lister, King's College, London; etc. During the progress of the conferring of these degrees the students lowered from the gallery all sorts of things, reminding one of what took place when Darwin received his Doctor's degree.

This over, the Professor of Poetry commenced an oration in Latin. Soon, he too, suffered repeated interruptions. The following will serve as specimens: "Most done, Sir?", "That is poor Latin you're giving us," "Skip a few pages, do," "The ladies say they don't understand you." Three cheers were then and there proposed and given for the ladies who did understand the Latin. By and bye the students became impatient and insisted that the Professor should really "let up." "We have had enough of that Latin; do let up," they exclaim in one voice.

An English Essay was then read by a graduate, a Latin Poem by a undergraduate, and a Greek Poem by a student who, as he commenced his Poem, accidentally upset a pitcher of water on those below. During all this time the students whistled, cheered, sang songs,—in fact did just as they pleased. Occasionally we saw one of the Proctors lay violent hands on some one who was more boisterous than the others; but if the other students noticed this, the culprit was again set at liberty. An English Poem finished the programme. This was listened to with much attention, the student who delivered it evidently being a favourite, and the poem being one of real merit.

After dinner we visited the Libraries, the Colleges, the Churches, the Museum, and the

Monuments. Some of the buildings are old—centuries old; others are new and more modern. Each is built with an open court in the centre. The town itself is quite small—not larger than Halifax. The Cathedral and the Martyrs' Monument well repay a visit.

A Swiss friend of ours who was with us could not understand why such conduct was tolerated. I could not attempt to justify the students, any more than I could the absurdity of delivering addresses, and reading Essays and Poems in Latin and Greek to an English-speaking audience in the 19th century. It savours, to my mind, of the "Middle Ages"—aye, even of the "Dark Ages."

We returned to London in the evening, well pleased with our little visit to old Oxford. On this trip—as in so many others which my good and trusty friend Jordan and I took during the time of our residence in the old Fatherland—we had our share of "experiences" which were interesting to us, and which are laid away in the chambers of memory to be recited again and again with never-failing interest and delight. These, however, belong to us. I have said enough to give you a slight idea of a Convocation at Oxford. Belonging as I do to the class of '77, and consequently to "the third year" of happy memory, I could not but sympathize *just a little* with the Oxford undergraduates; but I would warn you one and all (as one of the Professors of Dalhousie did the Freshman class when he said to them, "don't imitate the worst features of the third year") not to imitate the Oxford students.

F. W. ARCHIBALD.

Truro, Dec. 14, 1882.

At a German ball. Lieutenant: "Did you not say your father has an estate in Silesia?" Young lady—"Yes, and two in Pomerania." Lieutenant: "And can you still doubt my love?"

A BOSTON editor bounced the cook, cuffed two children, left his wife in tears, and made a bee-line for the office, and wrote: "If you want to make the world brighter and better, begin by being kind and loving to those in the small circle of your own family, and from that as a center, work out as you are permitted to go."

### SODALES.

On Thursday evening, the 21st December, the annual Entertainment was held under the auspices of the above Society. The Committee in charge had not given themselves as much time for preparation as was desirable; and in some respects the affair was not quite up to last winter's. There was lacking much of that enthusiasm which was present last year, and by some mistake the Medicals had not received the usual notice. The following is the programme:

College Song.....	Society.
Speech.....	Jones.
Original Paper.....	Langille.
Reading.....	Furieux.
Piano and Violin.....	Taylor and Bell.
Recitation.....	Munro.
Speech.....	Bell.
Original Paper.....	Cahan.
Song.....	Skimmings.
Piano and Violin.....	Taylor and Crowe.
Reading.....	A. G. Reid.
Speech.....	Nicholson.
Recitation.....	Coffin.
Piano.....	Adams.
Reading.....	Stewart.
Piano and Violins.....	Taylor, Kempton and Ross.

After the great and glorious Entertainment was over, the Students formed in procession to the number of ninety strong. Along Barrington Street to Spring Garden Road the procession held its way. Halt was made before Prof. Schurman's residence and three rousing cheers given for him. Songs, jokes, pipes, etc., now enlivened the march till Prof. Macdonald's was reached. In response to the cheers the Prof. gave the crowd some sensible advice, which, however, was not acted on till Prof. Johnson had been "serenaded." And now the crowd started on the homeward way. But why should we detain our readers further? Space would fail us to tell of all the incidents of the march. It is sufficient to say that on the whole the tramp was one of the most successful ever organized by the Students of Dalhousie; and if the singing was not quite up to the standard, it was due not so much to the lack of ability as to the want of concerted practice on the part of the Students. We would suggest that next year a cornet be used to lead the singing.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Queen's College Journal* has a full account of the installation of Professor Marshall, and is a most interesting number.

THE third and fourth numbers of the *Woolestook Gazette* are before us. The poem on the "Micmacs of the New Dominion" is evidently the work of the "machine."

THE *Presbyterian College Journal* gives an interesting account of the opening of the David Morrice Hall and Library. We wish that some one would place Dalhousie under the like obligations.

WHAT does the *Portfolio* mean by the following item:

"Young ladies leaving home for college are advised to provide themselves with button hooks, for besides their original use they are found to be very serviceable as substitutes for fruit-knives, pickle-forks, corkscrews, etc."

The italics are our own.

"CO-EDUCATION" is the subject of a vigorous editorial in the last number of the *McGill University Gazette*. The *Gazette* says that the College is in no position to undertake the burden of female education. Without discussing the vexed question of Women's Rights, it thinks that the time has not yet come when the privileges of the College should be open to women. It does not deny the right of women to higher education, but thinks that under the existing state of affairs it is not the work of McGill to devote itself to that object.

RECEIVED:—*University Mirror, Vick's Magazine, University Monthly, Niagara Index, Institute Index, Truth, Delaware College Review, and Adelpian.*

### ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

MUCH difficulty is being experienced by the students in arranging a lecture course. It is understood that there will be one after the Christmas holidays.

PROF. MACGREGOR has kindly placed on the Reading Room table the latest number of *Nature*, a high-class scientific weekly. We have also to thank him for the *Cliftonian*, a paper issued by the members of Clifton College, Bristol, Eng.

It is rumored that an Honour Course is to be established in English Literature. There was one in the days of Professor DeMille, and it is hoped that candidates will not now be wanting.

**SODALES.**—On Friday evening, December 8th, "Would Independence be beneficial to Canada?" was up for discussion. Fitzpatrick, the opener, proceeding on the assumption that Britain's power would not always last, thought that it behoved Canada to look to the future. Colonies, as they become fit for self-government, should be made independent; and Canada is fit. A. S. McKenzie, respondent, thought that Canada could ill afford the expense of being separated from the Mother Country. In the general discussion which followed, Freeman, D. H. McKenzie and Murray spoke for the negative, and Cahan and Crowe for the affirmative. When the vote was taken it was found that three only were for independence; consequently the majority against was overwhelming.

On the 15th December, at the usual hour, the faithful few were again assembled to wrestle with the mighty subject, "Compulsory Education." But the leader of the Government was absent; and, owing to the superior (?) attractions at the Academy, the students adjourned to hear the "Kinder Sinfonie Kapelle."

**PRAYER MEETING.**—As Dalhousie College may be said to be purely non-sectarian, so also is the students' Saturday-evening Prayer-meeting. And we do not wish it to be otherwise, for the history of non-denominational colleges shows clearly that it is not necessary to be sectarian in order to be religious. And we trust we are right in stating, that the religious atmosphere in Dalhousie is as pure to-day as ever it was before. There is still room for improvement in this respect; for too much stress cannot be laid on the religious influences which are brought to bear upon young men who, a few years hence, shall be the Rulers and Leaders of the affairs of our country. Youth is the time when the foundation stones of the future edifice of character is laid, and we all know the importance of having a sure foundation. Hence the propriety of cherishing in youth a devout Christian spirit which,

along with a bright intellect, form the highest type of manliness. Eternity alone can unfold the good that has resulted from the College Prayer-meetings.

About six years ago one hundred Princeton students made a public profession of faith during one term; and the students of many other colleges have experienced similar blessings.

What we want to see is the Saturday-evening meetings becoming so profitable and interesting as to draw the attention of all our students, and for this end we solicit the sympathy and co-operation of all interested in Dalhousie.

Owing to the Christmas vacation, the meetings will be discontinued until January 6th, when they will be resumed, as follows:

Jan. 6th.—Subject: "The joy of the Christian."

Mr. Campbell, Chairman.

Jan. 13th.—Subject: "Solomon seeking Wisdom."

Mr. McLean, Chairman.—COM.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

THE College of South Carolina now has 148 students.

WISCONSIN State University has 367 students, of whom 5 are resident graduates.

AT Princeton there are 500 undergraduates, 10 fellows, and 62 taking post-graduate courses,—making in all 572.

THE donations to the funds of Queen's College, Kingston, up to 31st October, 1882, were \$79,478.64; for buildings, \$36,262.85; land and equipment, \$5,200.

OVER 100 of those instructed at John Hopkins University, during the six years of its foundation, have become Professors in Colleges and Academies.

ALREADY \$75,000 have been subscribed towards the Endowment Fund of Knox College, Toronto; \$200,000 are wanted.

AFTER much debate on the subject of co-education, the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania have refused to admit women into the department of Arts.

THE expenses of conducting the University of California for the current year are estimated at \$95,000. The income of the institution during the same period is computed at \$97,500.

ONE-FIFTH of the whole number of Princeton's graduates—5439 in number—have been clergymen, one-twelfth physicians, and only one-eighteenth have entered public life; 189 have become Presidents or Professors in Colleges.

If the young ladies indulge in the habit of waiting at the head of the stairs in the hope of being carried down, all they need do is to say the word.

#### PERSONALS.

FILLMORE, General of last year is in town studying at the Commercial College.

W. M. MACDONALD, B. A. '81, is studying law at Harvard.

A. E. THOMSON, B. A. '80, has been appointed Secretary of the Canadian Students' Club—one of the societies of the University of Edinburgh.

H. H. WHITTIER, who was noticed in a previous issue as having passed his final law exam. has established an office in this city. May he never lack briefs.

W. B. DEMILLE, for several years a student here, has become an M. D. and is now House Surgeon at the City Hospital.

ELLIOTT, Soph. of last year; PATTERSON, B. A., and MCINNIS, Soph. of '80-'81, each obtained a grade A licence during the past summer, obtaining high averages.

R. R. J. EMMERSON, B. A. '79, has recovered from a very severe illness. He was prostrated for some weeks, and we are indeed glad to hear that he is about again.

WE regret to learn that John M. McKenzie, '79-'80, has been very ill of typhoid fever at Montreal, where he was taking an engineering course. He is slowly recovering.

#### CLIPPINGS.

GENT.—A vulgar fraction of a gentleman.

MR. BEER, an Englishman, has just married. He and his wife will be half-and-half.

IF Julius Agricola, in his invasion of Caledonia, penetrated to Forfar, did he go *twice two far*?

IT was a dull period for news when the enterprising managing editor of a Western daily headed an item concerning the death of a cat "Nine Lives Lost."

ARCHIMEDES invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

WE are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

SOME scientist now observes that even a clam has parasites. He would have observed as much before if he had ever noticed the crowd around a free chowder.

At the last examination for the degree of B. A. at the University of London, 73 per cent of the female candidates were successful as against 42 per cent of the male candidates. Only 27 per cent. of the men were placed in the first division, while 68 per cent. of the women obtained that honor.

THE Yale Catalogue for 1882-'83 has the names of 938 students. There are 106 in the Theological Seminary, 30 in the Medical School, 85 in the Law School, 106 in the Sheffield Scientific School, and 611 in the Academic department—made up as follows: 149 Seniors, 160 Juniors, 139 Sophomores and 163 Freshmen.

#### DALLUSIENSIA.

*We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who alone are expected to understand its contents.*

"No man can serve two masters."

YOUNG lady in English Literature: "Those students are awful fellows to stare at us girls."

ONE of the Freshmen wondered if his pa and ma would know him when he got home.

THE college hall is not a healthy place for a stiffnecked man.

SCENE—The Academy (not Plato's). Philosopher,— "What are they playing now?" Facetious friend,— "The Kinder Sinfonie in C."

FRESHMAN to his fellow, about the probability of their getting plucked next spring—"Tempus fugit, time will tell." Was he a Bursary man?

STUDENT giving an example of one of the four classes of Prejudices—"Ipse dixit." Prof. "Can you translate it, sir?" Omnes stampunt.

TWO Freshies wished their landlady to defer keeping Xmas. and New Year's until they returned.

WHY do the Sophs. put their hats on whenever the ladies appear? A Freshman says they do it to cover the bald spots.

"COUNTING his marks before they are won." A Soph. asks a Prof. to choose an Honor Course for him. Evidently he does not find the work tough.

BEAUTY of English Literature, (after six weeks study)— "You may depend if he's busy he ain't goin' to print them catalogues."

Probable result after six months: "You kin kalkerlate, Miss R., ev he's a rushin' he ain't a goin' ter print them thar katerlogs, yer kin bet yer sox.

Is the existence of a financial crisis in Olympus to be presumed from Juno's going to Æolus to "raise the wind?"

PLAYING foot-ball by electric light has been tried in London without success. The players throw themselves out by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads.

A LITTLE boy who has been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and old clothes, recently remarked, "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

A FRESHMAN wrote his father: "Dear Pa—I want a little change." The paternal parent replied: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings *change* to everybody."

WHEN Dr. H—— and Sergeant A—— were walking arm-in-arm, a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. Because it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life.*

A COXCOMB, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "and time has only robbed you of the gilding."

A VAGUE but horrible rumor is being handed round that Oscar Wilde will marry and settle in America. Just a few more straws on the dromedary's back, and war with the mother country will be inevitable.

PARENT (interrogating Young Hopeful.)—"How many rods make a furlong?"

Boy.—"Don't know, but you'd think one rod made an acre if you got such a flogging as I did from Old Scroggins this morning." (Parent stands aghast.)

SPINKS went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. S., and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare if you two gals don't look 'nough like to be twins."

A CLERK of an eminently respectable house, the head of which was a deacon, was instructed to prepare an advertisement and have it inserted in the papers. This was his effort: "The pot scooped! We hold four aces to the bob-tail flush of any other house in town on table-cloths."

It is not the whichness of the where, nor of the when, nor even of the which, but of the what that constrains the philosophical do, but is-ing the is-ness of the is, is a matter of no less difficulty than the whatness of the what.—*Extract from Concord School of Philosophy.*

It was evening. Three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat, and a third jammed a pistol into the cat's ear and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood and that ill-feeling was being engendered.

SCENE on a railroad platform at Heidelberg—Traveler to University Student: "Sir, you are crowding—keep back, sir." U. S. (fiercely): "Don't you like it? Allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place." Traveler (benignantly): "Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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